

THE
TRIUMPH
OF
TIME and *TRUTH.*

AN
ORATORIO:

Alter'd from the ITALIAN.

With several NEW ADDITIONS.

As it is Perform'd at the

THEATRE-ROYAL in *Covent-Garden.*

Set to Musick by Mr. H A N D E L.

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ЭНТ
The (ALLEGORICAL) Persons of the Drama.

Н Ч М У Й А Т

TIME.

COUNSEL, (or TRUTH.)

BEAUTY.

PLEASURE.

DECEIT.

CHORUS.

О И Я О Г А Я О

С Н А И С Т И С О С Т О В Е С Т Е А

З И О Л Т И С Д А В Т И И А В У В
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[Aguillidz en O scirf]



Time is supreme. — Time is a mighty Pow'r,

A C T I.

CHORUS.

TIME is supreme. — Time is a mighty Pow'r,
Whom wifest Mortals will adore.

RECITATIVE.

Beauty, [Looking in a Glass.]
How happy, could I fix but here;
And stop old Time in his Career!

A I R.

Faithful Mirror, fair-reflecting,
All my beauteous Charms collecting;
Which, I fear, will soon decay.
Thou shalt flourish still in Splendor,
While these Glories I surrender,
Horrid Time's devoted Prey. [Da Capo.]

RECIT.

Pleasure. Fear not. — I, Pleasure, swear no fool — that
That these Charms you still shall wear, —
Ever-blooming, ever-fair.
Beauty. Beauty, thy Slave, this Vow shall make, last well
Sweet Pleasure never to forsake:

A 2

And,

The TRIUMPH of

And, if this Vow I disregard,
 In Pain and Anguish,
 Let me languish,
 Tasting Folly's due Reward.

A I R.

Pleasure. *Penitive Sorrow, deep-possessing,*
Life despoils of every Blessing,
Wrapt in Shades of piercing Woe.
Who indulges Grief's sad Passion,
(Sore Vexation!)
Knows no joyful Day below. [Da Capo.]

RECIT.

Deceit. Despise old Time. --- If short his Stay,
 Let every Joy
 The Heart employ,
 And Pleasure still improve the Day.

AIR and CHORUS.

Come, come, live with Pleasure;
 Taste in Youth Life's only Joy. ---
 Old Age knows no Leisure,
 But dull wintry Thoughts t' employ.

RECIT.

Time. [to Beauty.]

Turn --- Look on me. --- Behold old Time. ---
 Counsel. --- And view Counsel, the Son of Truth. ---
 Time. --- Who soon will shew,
 How frail a Flower Beauty is.

Counsel.

Counsel. The Blossom of a Day, that springs and dies.

A I R.

*The Beauty, smiling,
And sweet-beguiling,
Soon drooping, dying,
Returns no more.*

*The Youth, now blooming,
And still presuming,
Few Moments flying,
Shall charm no more.*

R E C I T.

Pleasure. Our different Pow'rs we'll try, and see
Who now shall gain the Victory;
Pleasure, ---

Beauty. --- or *Beauty*, ---

Time. --- *Time*, ---

Counsel. --- or *Counsel*.

A I R.

Beauty. Ever-flowing Tides of Pleasure
Shall transport me beyond Measure,
In this Conflict with old Time.
If he dares
To despoil this choicest Treasure,
Beauty, blooming in its Prime.

R E C I T.

Time. The Hand of Time pulls down
The great Colossus of the Sun,
The stone-built Castle, cloud-capt Tow'r;
And shall Beauty oppose my Pow'r?

A I R.

The TRIUMPH of
AIR.

Loathsome Urns, disclose your Treasure,
(Pride and Pleasure)
Unveil to me,
That I may see
If now any
Spark of Beauty still remains.
No — all dark as Night!
Tyrant Worms their Prey enjoying,
Dust and Ashes still destroying,
Which my greedy Tooth disdains.

CHORUS.
Strengthen us, O Time, with all thy Lore;
Teach us the Ways of Wisdom.
[Then shall we teach thy Ways unto the Wicked,
and Sinners shall be converted unto thee.]

RHYM.

Deceit. Too rigid the Reproof you give;
Too deep the Search of Truth.
Wise Men will still in Pleasure live,
And still enjoy,
Without Anxiety,
The proper Fruits of Youth.

AIR and CHORUS.

Happy, if still they reign in Pleasure,
All the Sweets of Youth carefessing.
Happy; if slighting Time's dull Measure,
They enjoy the present Blessing.

[*Da Capo.*

Counsel.

Counsel. Youth is not rich in Time; it may be, poor:
Nor can he call his own the passing Hour.

Time. Hence let thy Thoughts on Frailty range,
And know, that every Day,
Some Charm I make my lawful Prey,
Tho' unperceiv'd the Change.

Pleasure. He best, he only Life enjoys,
Who will not think how fast it flies.

Counsel. Yet, ere it is too late, give ear,
And this short Maxim hear.

AIR and CHORUS.

Like the Shadow, Life ever is flying,
Seeming still fix'd; so swift the Delusion.
Man heeds not Time, on Hope still relying;
Soon the Bell strikes; and all is Confusion.



ACT II.

CHORUS.

Leisure submits to Pain,
As Day recedes to Night;
And Sorrow smiles again,
As Time sets all things right.

Thus are the Seasons chang'd,
And all in turn appear,
In various Order rang'd
Throughout the whole revolving Year.

RIA

RACIT.

The TRIUMPH of

RECIT.

Pleasure. Here Pleasure keeps her splendid Court,
 Where all her Devotees resort;
 And, at her Nod, advance,
 The costly Feast, the Carol, and the Dance;
 Minstrels, and Music, Poetry, and Play;
 And Balls by Night, and manly Sports by Day.

SYMPHONY.

RECIT.

Beauty. Hark! What Sounds are these I hear?

CHORUS.

O, -- how great the Glory,
 That crowns the Hunter's Toil!
 Like Theseus fam'd in Story,
 He triumphs in the Spoil.

AIR.

Play

Pleasure. Dryads, Sylvans, with fair Flora,
 Come, adorn this joyful Place:
 Come, fair Iris, and Aurora,
 This our Festival to grace.

CHORUS.

Lo! we all attend on Flora,
 To adorn this joyful Place;
 Iris comes, with fair Aurora,
 This your Festival to grace.

AIR.

A I R.

Beauty. Come, O Time, and thy broad Wings displaying,
 Strong essaying,
 Sweep away,
 Without Delay,

The joyous Pleasures of this sweet Abode. ---

Lo! he sleepeth. --- His Strength no more availing,
 His Pow'r no more prevailing,
 To destroy Life's sovereign Good.

A I R.

Counsel. Mortals think, that Time is sleeping,
 When so swiftly, unseen He's sailing.
 But He comes with Ruin sweeping,
 In his Triumph never failing.

R E C I T.

Time, [to Beauty.]

You thought to call in vain,--- but see me here:
 These lower Regions are my proper Sphere.

Would you then dread no more
 My hated Pow'r;

Prepare thee for a nobler Flight,

Amid the Realms of Light.

Time cannot climb the blissful Sky,
 Nor follow Immortality.

A I R.

False destructive Ways of Pleasure

Leave, and court a nobler Treasure,

In the starry Realms above.

Here, the Folly's Sons defy me,

Yet in vain they seek to fly me;

While through all the World I rove.

The TRIUMPH of

RECIT.

Counsel, [to Beauty.]

Too long deluded you have been,
By *Pleasure's* false and flatt'ring Scene :
Behold fair *Truth*, the heav'nly Image see,
Not deck'd, but fairest in Simplicity :
White Robes of Innocence she wears ;
Her Look, her Thoughts turn'd to her kindred Spheres.
Time. Behold her Mirror too,
Presenting all things to your View
By just Reflection, be they false or true.

A I R.

Hawforz Pleasure. *Lovely Beauty, --- close those Eyes ;*
Charming Beauty, --- Look not there :
In that View all Pleasure dies :
In Reflection 'is sure Despair.

RECIT.

Deceit. Seek not to know, what known will prove
Grief more severe than slighted Love.

A I R.

Melancholy
Is a Folly ;
Wave all Sorrow
Until to-morrow ;
Life consists in the present Hour.
This dear Treasure we adore,
With grateful Ardor, still employing,
Still enjoying,
The sweet Moments in our Pow'r. [Da Capo.]

RECIT.

RECIT.

Time. What is the present Hour? 'tis born and gone:

Think on the Years already flown:

Think, when you'll see the Bliss, but see in vain:

Think on convicted Error's self-tormenting Pain.

Beauty. No more--- I know not where to turn.---
My Heart's too sad to laugh, too gay to mourn. ---

A I R.

*Fain would I, two Hearts enjoying,
This in Penitence employing,
Freely That resign to Joy. ---*

RECIT.

Counsel. Vain the Delights of Age or Youth,
Without the Sanction and Applause of Truth. ---
And as the Soul more bright appears,
Than the frail earthly Form she wears;
So much true Pleasures from this Glass,
All other sublunary Joys surpass.

A I R.

Enter
*On the Valleys, dark and cheerless,
From the Mountain's Summit, fearless,
Soon you'll with Contempt look down:
And these darling Pleasures slighting,
In sublimer Views delighting,
Disbelieve that Choice your own.* [Da Capo.]

RECIT.

Time. Not venial Error This, but stubborn Pride,
To leave a sure and friendly Guide;
Who seeing you bewilder'd stray,
Points out the short and easy Way.

B 2

See,

See, see the happy Port before you lies;
 And Time exhorts you to be wise,
 Beauty. Darkly, as through a Glass, I see
 The immense Treasure of futurity;
 But present Joys my Heart perplex,
 That, though inclin'd, I cannot fix,
 To leave this Scene for Immortality.

A I R.

Hear the Call of Truth and Duty,
 And to Folly bid adieu:
 Ere to Dust is chang'd that Beauty,
 Change the Heart, and good pursue.

C H O R U S.
 Ere to Dust is chang'd that Beauty,
 Change the Heart, and Good pursue.

A C T III.

RECITATIVE.

Deceit, [to Beauty.]
 NICE more I Thee address;
 Regardful of thy Happiness,
 Fain would I stop the falling Tear. ---

A I R.

X Sharp Thorns despising
 Cull fragrant Roses:
 Why seek you Pleasures
 Mix'd with Alloy?

Old

Old Age surprizing,奄奄一息
Soon the Scene closes! [ending or] 逝世

*Life's only Treasure's
 Life to enjoy.*

RECIT.

Counsel. Regard her not. — Unvalued here,
 Such Tears may fall; but know, each Tear will prove
 A precious Pearl in Heav'n above.

Beauty. Soft and prevailing is thy Voice. — Alas! —
 Too long I've err'd. — Put forth the heav'nly Glass.

Counsel. Behold! it waits your View.

Beauty. Now, Pleasure, take my last Adieu.

AIR.

frantic
*My former Ways resigning,
 To Virtue's Cause inclining,
 Thee, Pleasure, now I leave.
 Lest when my Spirits fail me,*

*Repentance can't avail me,
 Nor Sickness Comfort give.*

ANTHEM,

[*Comfort them, O Lord, when they are sick:
 Make Thou their Bed in Sickness:
 Keep them alive; let them be blessed upon Earth.*]

RECIT.

Beauty. Since the immortal Mirror I possess,
 Where Truth's reflective Beauties glow;
 Thee, faithless Form, deluding Glass,
 Thee to thy native Earth I throw.

Pleasure.

Pleasure.

Ah! stay, forbear.

Counsel. [to *Pleasure.*] In vain you this Prevention dare.

A I R.

*Thus to Ground, Thou, false, delusive,**Flatt'ring Mirror, Thee I throw.**Thou, who, with vain Art abusive,**Didst exalt each charming Feature,**Far beyond the Pride of Nature,**Feigning Happiness below.* [Da Capo.]

R E C I T.

Beauty. O mighty *Truth*, thy Pow'r I see :

All that was fair, seems now Deformity.

This Day my Pride shall from its Height descend;

This Day my Reign of Vanity shall end.

R E C I T A T I V E accompany'd.

Adieu, vain World, in search of greater Good,

I'll pass my Days in sacred Solitude.

'Tis fit the Slave of Vanity should dwell,

In some sequester'd penitential Cell.

A I R.

Time. From the Heart, that feels my Warning,

Grateful are the Tears that flow.

Pearly Drops the Flow'r's adorning,

Grace not more the dewy Morning,

Nor such Blessings can bestow.

[Da Capo.]

R E C I T.

RECIT.

Beauty. Pleasure, too long Associates we have been,
Now share Conviction from Truth's radiant Scene,
Or far be gone for ever from my Sight. ---
Pleasure. As with Error I long have been dwelling,
I with Truth now can have no Contentment.

A I R.

Like Clouds, stormy Winds them impelling,
Disdainful, I fly with Resentment.

Hark! the Thunders round me roll,
Truth's awful angry Frowns I see:
Her Arrows wound my trembling Soul;
Nor is there any Joy for me.
Ah no! Truth drives me to Despair;
Open, ye Rocks, and hide me there. [Da Capo.]

RECIT.

Beauty. Farewel. --- Now Truth, descending from the Sky,
Clad in bright Beams, its glorious Light displays,
O, Thither let me cast my longing Eye,
And strive to merit the inspiring Rays.

A I R.

Guardian Angels, O, protect me,
And in Virtue's Path direct me,
While resign'd to Heav'n above.
Let no more this World deceive me,
Nor vain idle Passions grieve me,
Strong in Faith, in Hope, in Love.

CHORUS.

Hallelujah.

F I N I S.

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With all that Earth or Heav'n could bestow,
To make her amiable: — On the same,
Grace was in all her Steps, Heav'n in her Eye,
In every Gesture Dignity and Love.

MILTON.

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Of Politeness in Religion, and against Superstition.	Of Friendship.
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Of Behaviour at Church.	Of Anger and Resentment.
Of the Duties and Decorums of Civil Life.	Of Gentleness and Modesty.
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Of Flattery and Servility.	Of the Imitation of others.
Of appearing Absent in Company.	Of Compliments and Ceremony.
Of Contradiction.	Of Asking Questions.
Of Calumny and Detraction.	Of Talking before Servants.
Of Vain Glory.	Of Behaviour towards rude young Fellows.
Of Prejudice.	Of Ridicule.
Of being too inquisitive.	Of Politicks.
Of Whispering and Laughing in Company.	Of Trusting to Appearances and Reports.
Of Applauding and Censuring People rashly.	Of Hope and Belief.
Of Mimicking others.	Of Idleness.
Of being Blind to what gives us Offence.	Of Appearing often in Publick Places.
Of Gallantry from the Men.	Of Houswifry.
Of Friendship with Men.	Of Frugality and Covetousness.
Of Love.	Of the Learning proper to a young Lady.
Of Matrimony.	Of Letter Writing.
Of Duty to Parents.	Of the Choice and Entertainment of Books.
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